GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS

Published Weekly by

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

(The National Geographic Society is a scientific and educational Society, wholly altruistic, incorporated under the Federal law as a non-commercial institution for the increase of geographic knowledge and its popular diffusion.)

General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Contents for Week of October 8, 1934. Vol. XIII. No. 14.

1. Nome, a City Named Through a Misnomer.
2. Mystery Ships Still Haunt the Seven Seas.
3. The Lorna Doone Country, "Fairest in England."
4. Crack of Baseball Bats Heard in Many Lands.
5. Callao, Gateway to Peru and Its Capital, Lima.

Photograph by Burton Holmes from Galloway

VETERAN PROSPECTORS OF NOME SWAP STORIES OF FINDS AND FAILURES

The lure of gold once brought thousands of men and women from all walks of life to this Alaskan town where the frontier begins at the city limits. A few made fortunes, many quit or died, but now and then natural-born prospectors, such as those above, emerged to spend the rest of their lives searching for the elusive yellow metal (see Bulletin No. 1).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

The Geographic News Bulletins are published weekly throughout the school year (thirty issues) and will be mailed to teachers for one year upon receipt of 25 cents (in stamps or money order). Entered as second-class matter, January 27, 1922, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized February 9, 1922.

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Nome, a City Named Through a Misnomer

NOME, the Alaskan city which recently was nearly levelled by a disastrous fire, possesses an unusual place-name because it was named by mistake.

The word "Nome" apparently has no meaning. The explanation is that in an early map of Alaska one cape was left nameless and an official, to whom the draft was submitted, pencilled beside it "name?" A copyist transcribed the scrawled question as "Nome" and the designation stuck. When the gold rush came in 1899, the little settlement, which had previously been called Anvil City, adopted the name of the cape, 11 miles to the east.

Nome is only about 120 miles southeast of Cape Prince of Wales, which marks the American side of Bering Strait, and less than 150 miles from the mainland of Asia. For years it has been the nearest American town of any importance to the Old World. The town sprawls along the sea shore and the Snake River where that stream flows into Bering Sea, about midway along the Alaskan coast.

Built Mostly of Wood

The buildings of Nome have always been mostly of wood, and even the streets were paved with boards to combat the almost bottomless mud of the tundra on which the town sprang up. There has always been an autumn exodus from Nome back to "the States."

The town lies wholly unprotected on the north coast of the icy, storm-swept Bering Sea close to the Arctic Circle, and is frozen in and snowed in for about seven months of the year. At times the snow drifts up to the eaves of the houses. Since placer mining, the community's chief industry, depends on the use of water, all activities must close when the water congeals. Nome's last boat usually leaves for Seattle, Washington, about October 15, and none arrives until the middle of the following June.

Gold was discovered in one of the creeks inland from the site of Nome in the autumn of 1898. When the ice released its grip on the Bering coast the following spring, thousands of gold-seekers rushed in. Then came the astounding discovery by a United States soldier that he could pan gold from the sands of the beach (see illustration, next page).

Glamour and Tragedy Marked Nome's Life

News of this paradise for the poor miner, where it was not even necessary to file claims, spread rapidly over the world even in those radioless days. Miners in other Alaska settlements and western United States dropped their picks, store clerks quit their jobs, seamen deserted their ships, gamblers left their old haunts, laborers laid down their tools, and even women left comfortable homes to seek their fortunes in the Nome sands.

In two years Nome became the largest and busiest city in the Alaska Territory. In the summer of 1900 it had 20,000 inhabitants. They came from all parts of the world—a colorful group who emblazoned Nome's name indelibly on the pages of Alaskan history.

Life in Nome was at once glamorous, sordid, thrilling and tragic. Adventurers plied their shady tricks on innocent prospectors. Jumping claims, sometimes with

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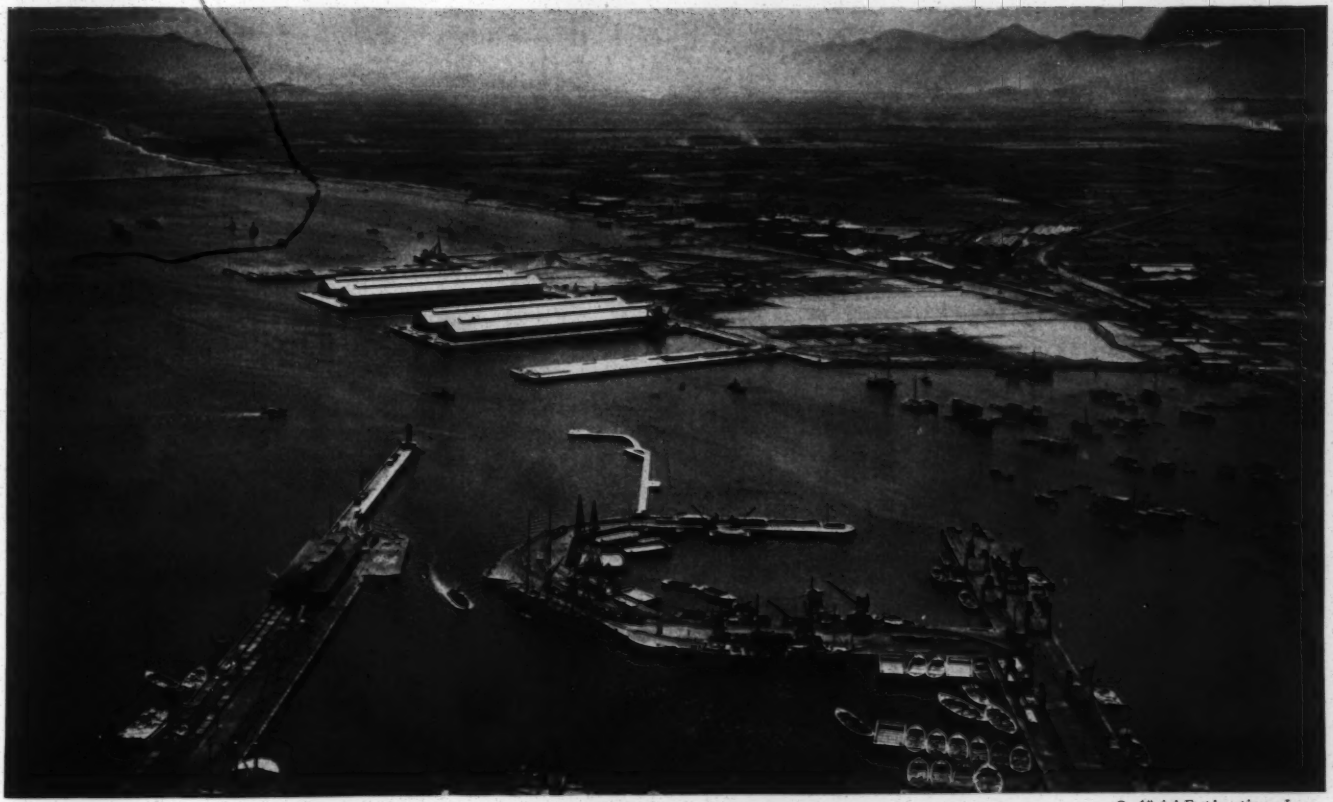

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COMMERCE STRETCHES LONG FINGERS OUT FROM CALLAO'S WATERFRONT

More than $8,000,000 is being spent to give the chief seaport of Peru proper facilities for handling the nation's foreign trade. Oil, fertilizers, hides, and minerals may soon be loaded directly from docks. Artificial breakwaters (upper left) enclose a huge basin (see Bulletin No. 5).

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Mystery Ships Still Haunt the Seven Seas

"SHE has not been seen since." "This was the last word ever heard from her." "Her final fate, like that of others, remains a mystery."

These are not quotations from musty history books, but sentences lifted from modern daily newspapers. They tell perhaps all there is to tell about ships that have sailed from many ports and then have mysteriously vanished.

Last month the cables carried a report that a bottle had been picked up on deserted Bouvet Island in the South Atlantic containing a message from the Danish training ship *Kobenhavn*, lost since 1928. If it can be proved that the message really was written by a member of the crew of the ill-fated vessel the greatest sea mystery of the decade may be near solution. The note states that the *Kobenhavn* was crushed by icebergs and that the crew was forced to take to the lifeboats.

Sailed from Montevideo

The sea guards well her secrets, and the world has waited nearly six years for news of the fate of this five-master barque which sailed out of Montevideo, Uruguay, December 14, 1928, bound for Cape Town, South Africa. The *Kobenhavn* was a new, steel barque, the largest sailing vessel in the world, and was equipped with auxiliary engines and a powerful radio.

On December 21st she reported all well. She was then 400 miles out, well started on her course through the South Atlantic, the loneliest waters in the world. That was the last word ever heard from her.

One month later the settlers on Tristan da Cunha, an isolated rock halfway between Brazil and Good Hope, were greatly excited by the approach of a sailing vessel. She seemed to be steering aimlessly, with a light sail set, before a gale which was driving her straight for the island's jagged reefs. Just as disaster seemed inevitable she veered aside and drifted safely past.

There was no sign of life on board, and she was riding far down at the stern, indicating some damage. Otherwise all was in good order, and there could be no doubt of her identity. She was the lost *Kobenhavn*. By the next day when it was calm enough to put out in boats she had vanished forever.

Legends, Songs, and Stories Inspired by Derelicts

Many are the legends, songs, and stories inspired by ghostly, crewless ships, wandering on year after year, "alone on a wide, wide sea." Coleridge paints a ghastly picture of a specter bark, sailing without wind or tide. A skeleton ship on whose deck sits a woman, Life-in-Death, dicing with her companion, Death, for the soul of the Ancient Mariner. Dice seem to be the major sport on these weird ships.

The mythical Captain of the *Flying Dutchman*, condemned to sail forever around the North Sea, without helm or steersman, is pictured as relieving the tedium by playing at dice with the devil—the stakes his own soul.

Even stranger than the ghost ships of fiction are the ships of wood and steel, ships of fact, which in modern times have sailed our seas unmanned. One of these, the Hudson's Bay steamer, *Baychimo*, has haunted Arctic waters for three years. Loaded with valuable furs she was caught in the ice off Wainwright, Alaska. Her captain and crew went ashore, resolved to wait until the spring break-up to work her free. One night a terrific storm broke her loose from her moorings and set her on her wandering course. At intervals she is reported by the captains of whalers and trading vessels. Eskimos have salvaged most of her cargo, and twice she has been boarded by parties of white men from passing ships. But always she eludes capture.

Lumber Schooner Fights Off Salvagers

Some ten years ago Atlantic shipping was for months endangered by the erratic behavior of the *Governor Parr*, a disabled British schooner, abandoned by her crew in mid-ocean. Superstitious sailors credited her with supernatural control over storms. She carried in her hold a fortune in Canadian lumber. Twice steamers put off from Nova Scotia to tow her ashore and salvage her cargo, but each time after they had boarded her a sudden storm forced them to abandon the attempt. Months later she appeared off the Azores, where again efforts at salvage met with the same defeat. Her final fate, like that of the others, remains a mystery.

Not so the fate of the barquentine *Guiding Star*, whose crew were stricken with fever on a voyage from Netherlands India to Hobart, Tasmania. A bad storm struck her, and with men too ill to handle the sails, they were soon blown away. A Dutch steamer finally sighted her, rescued the three surviving members of the crew, and left the ship adrift.

Years later an old mariner, once master of the *Guiding Star*, saw a strangely familiar ship

UMI

the aid of officials, was common. No one had time to think of sanitation, so many lives were lost through typhoid, diphtheria and other diseases. There were no hospitals and few doctors.

City Shrank as Rapidly as It Grew

Meanwhile Nome's glamour aroused the imaginations of such writers as Rex Beach, Jack London, and Robert W. Service. Out of Alaska's many gold rushes came such rugged literary figures as Dangerous Dan McGrew, Sam McGhee, and "The Lady That's Known as Lou."

Nome's prosperity bubble soon shrank. By 1903 thousands of gold seekers died or vanished—some with purses bulging; others poorer than when they arrived. Many could not stand the cold climate, for Nome is 600 miles farther north than the southern tip of bleak Greenland, and lies in the same latitude as frigid Arkangelsk (Archangel), Russia.

The 1903 census reported 7,000 people in Nome during the summer and half as many in the winter. In 1910 there were 2,600 residents. The town's population reached its low mark in 1920 when it was only 852. In recent years the population has been about 1,200.

Often Host to Flyers

Many millions of dollars worth of gold have been taken from the Nome diggings—altogether nearly $100,000,000 worth has come from the region. In 1926 the gold output of the area was nearly $2,000,000.

One of Nome's most exciting days came on August 24, 1920, when four Army planes of the First Alaskan Air Expedition dropped down on the beach near the city after a 4,500-mile flight from New York City. Since then Nome has several times been host to flyers. In 1926 the Italian airship *Norge* ended its 8,500-mile flight from Rome (via the North Pole) to Alaska at Teller, an Eskimo Hamlet, only a few miles northwest of Nome.

Note: For other Alaskan references, and unusual photographs of the gold diggings in Uncle Sam's "Farthest North" see also: "Men and Gold," *National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1933; "World Inside a Mountain," September, 1931; "To-day on 'The Yukon Trail of 1898,'" July, 1930; "Mapping the Home of the Great Brown Bear," January, 1929; "The First Alaskan Air Expedition," May, 1922; "Our Greatest National Monument," September, 1921; and "The Camel of the Frozen Desert," December, 1919.

Bulletin No. 1, October 8, 1934.

Photograph from Capt. St. Clair Streett

NOME'S "GOLDEN SANDS" ALSO SERVE AS ITS AIRPORT

The whole city came out to greet the U. S. Army flyers after their journey from New York in 1920—at that time considered an epic long-distance flight. Because Nome is only 150 miles from the mainland of Asia and is freer from fog than the Aleutian Islands it may some day be an important stop on an around-the-world air line.

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The Lorna Doone Country, "Fairest in England"

SINCE the movies have decided to "clean house" there has been a definite turn toward pictures with historical, classical, or literary settings. An English motion picture company now announces that it will film Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" in the rolling fields and haunted moors of Oare Parish, Devonshire, the original setting of the famous 17th century romance.

The Lorna Doone country, often called the "fairest in England," is set high on the green hills of Devon, which rise abruptly from the busy Bristol Channel. Thousands of visitors, among them many Americans, go annually to see the haunts of the notorious Doone clan of highwaymen, early English versions of the racketeer.

To-day hunting of all kinds abounds. Red deer, fox, and otter are plentiful on the moors and following the hounds is not so expensive there as in other parts of England. Visitors who arrive by motor or char-à-banc often wonder why the roads are so narrow and the hedges alongside so high. In olden days the deer could eat the peasant's crops, but if the peasant should eat or even harm the King's deer he would hang in chains. Hence, stone and hedge fortresses were erected around each field, to keep out the deer.

Chance to Ride a Pony

Lanes were built many years ago for coach and carriage with no thought for future motor traffic. To-day, stampeding sheep often brush and bump against cars which have stopped to let them pass.

Doone Valley, stronghold of the "Doones of Badgworthy Forest" is easily reached from Lynmouth, at the foot of Devon's towering coastal cliffs, and from Lynton, her sister village hanging overhead on the brink. A narrow road winds up the East Lyn Valley, encircling mountain knolls like a necklace, and passes on to Malmsmead. Here, in the heart of Lorna's lovely country the visitor dismounts from noisy char-à-banc or motor car and either trusts his own legs or rides a shaggy Exmoor pony six miles to the site of the Doone's last stand (see illustration, next page).

A woodland path follows the fir-lined banks of the Badgworthy Water to the bottle-neck entrance of Doone Valley, so well described by girt Jan Ridd. But, the visitor must not expect a natural fortress, because Blackmore permitted himself a certain degree of literary license in his descriptions. After all, the book is not so much a historical novel, as it is a colorful picture of the customs and peculiar mannerisms of the people of Devon in that day.

English Cream and Strawberries

All that remains of the Doones in this pleasant little valley are a few moss and turf-covered mounds which are thought to be the foundations of the village of eleven stone cottages. A shepherd hut and an old farm still are in use. Visitors often leave the valley damp and wet from the frequent rainstorms. They welcome the hospitality of the little stone inn, where they are served thick Devonshire cream and strawberries, and hot tea.

Near-by is Oare, a small hamlet of a few thatched cottages clustered about an old stone church. This church, with its large square tower and stall-like pews, is where Lorna was shot by the infamous Carver Doone at the climax of her marriage to John Ridd. A long gun, still belonging to the Ridd family, is said to be the one Carver used.

UMI

at anchor in Batavia. She was painted black, new houses on her deck, and a Javanese crew on board, but there was no mistaking the sturdy lines of the little *Guiding Star*.

Perhaps the most famous mystery of all, a puzzle that has defied solution for over sixty years, is the question of what happened one day in December, 1872, on board the *Mary Celeste*. Countless ingenious theories have been advanced, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle fashioned from his explanation a romantic novel, but no one will ever know the true story. On November 7, 1872, the brig *Mary Celeste* put out of New York harbor for Genoa, her hold filled with barrels of alcohol. On board was the captain, his wife, their small daughter, and a crew of seven.

Five weeks later the British ship *Dei Gratia* found the *Mary Celeste* 300 miles west of Gibraltar. Her sails were set on a starboard tack and she was ploughing steadily eastward, but their signals to her met with no reply. Worried by this they sailed alongside and boarded her, finding to their astonishment that she was completely deserted. The decks were absolutely in order, no sign of struggle, mutiny, robbery, or murder.

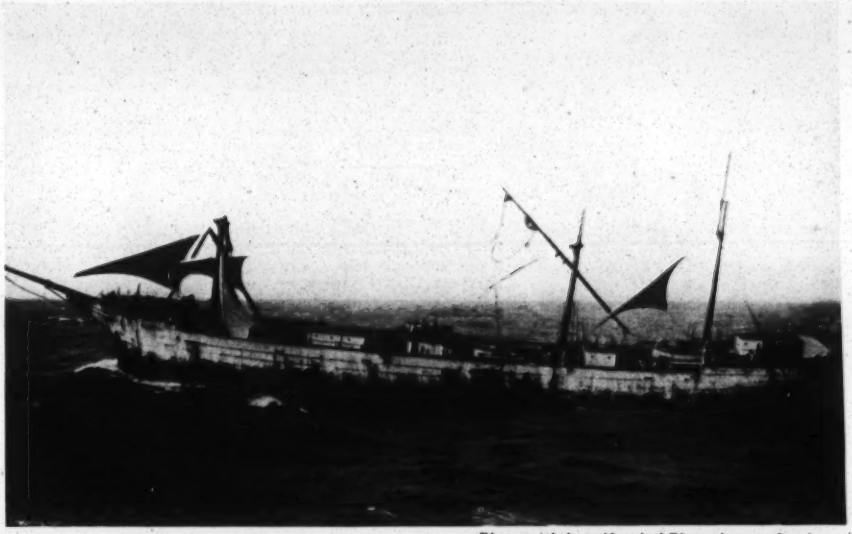
In the ship's cabin were the Captain's watch, money, and compasses. They found a sewing machine with a garment half-stitched. In the forecastle were the seamen's chests, their money, and even the remnants of a meal. The ship's log was lying open, the last entry dated eight days previous. Chronometer and sextant were missing, and the ship's boat, an open yawl, was gone.

Obviously the *Mary Celeste* had been abandoned in great haste—but why? Possibly those aboard feared an explosion in her hold, put off hurriedly with no provisions, then awaited a disaster which failed to occur. Too late they may have tried to overtake her, only to find her sailing steadily farther out of reach.

One of the great mysteries of the World War was the loss of the naval collier *Cyclops*, which sailed out of Rio's harbor bound for the United States and a home port she never reached. A detailed search by the U. S. Navy failed to reveal her fate. No wreckage and no survivors have ever been discovered. The *Cyclops* was reported to be carrying as prisoners a gang of mutineers transferred from a United States cruiser. It is possible that these men broke through their guards, seized the ship and scuttled her, but were unable to launch the boats in time to escape the fate of their victims.

Note: See also "Coral Castle Builders of Tropic Seas," *National Geographic Magazine*, June, 1934; "The Cape Horn Grain Ship Race," January, 1933; "A Modern Saga of the Seas," December, 1931; "Sailing Forbidden Coasts," September, 1931; "Rounding the Horn in a Windjammer," February, 1931; "The Sealing Saga of Newfoundland," July, 1929; "Around the World in the *Islander*," February, 1928; "Sindbads of Science," July, 1927; "Standing Iceberg Guard in the North Atlantic," July, 1926; "A Char-à-Bancs in Cornwall," December, 1924; "The Dream Ship," January, 1921; and "Ships for the Seven Seas," September, 1918.

Bulletin No. 2, October 8, 1934.



Photograph from Nautical Photo Agency, London

IT LOOKED LIKE A MYSTERY SHIP, BUT IT WAS NOT

When sighted off the Australian coast, the storm-crippled, four-masted barque *Rougemont* was mistaken for a derelict. But its crew signalled that they were able to make headway with temporary sails, and did not need help. Although they reached port without the loss of a single man, the *Rougemont's* sailing days were over.

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Crack of Baseball Bats Heard in Many Lands

WE CALL it the "World's Series," and the winners of the annual sports classic between the leading teams of our National League and American League, the "World's Champions"—but some day, and perhaps not so far in the future, our "champions" may have to play baseball teams from other countries to make good our claim to such all-inclusive titles.

For the crack of baseball bats is now heard in many lands. Last summer, baseball seriously invaded Great Britain. Scotland and England played their first international baseball game, the Scots winning an easy victory, 24-3, before a large and enthusiastic crowd of "fans."

The contest recalled an attempt to introduce baseball abroad sixty years ago. Boston and Philadelphia teams played fourteen games on British soil, and, while the games were courteously attended, real enthusiasm was still reserved for cricket matches.

"Invented" at Cooperstown, New York

The great American game has wandered far afield since 1839, when Abner Doubleday laid out the world's first baseball diamond in a vacant lot at Cooperstown, New York.

In both Canada and Cuba it is the favorite outdoor sport. The wiry little Cubans make excellent players, and many of our professionals are recruited there. They have adopted our slang, together with the game, and shout "plé bol," "homron," "fou bol," with Latin excitability. In Sonora, Mexico, the stadium is superseding the arena. Enthusiastic fans fill the bleachers at Guaymas, although bull-fighting is continued out of respect for tradition.

Wherever Americans have settled baseball is played. The Igorot boys of Luzon are keen supporters of their local teams. Entering the harbor of Pago Pago, Samoa, the first thing one sees through the palms along the shore is a neat baseball diamond. Puerto Rico and Hawaii have enthusiastic fans. In Soviet Russia American Ambassador Bullitt has ordered bats and balls from this country, and two Embassy nines are ready to show Moscow how the game should be played.

"Fatima at the Bat" in Turkey

Even the "unchanging East" has learned to steal bases. Girls' schools in China, Palestine, and Turkey have their teams. One writer describes a game he watched beside the Bosporus—"Fatima at the bat" on the diamond of Constantinople Women's College.

It is in Japan, however, that baseball has had its most amazing success. It was introduced by two American professors some sixty years ago. At first there was little interest in it. No admission could be charged and spectators had to be given free tea and cakes to keep them from leaving during the seventh inning.

Then several clubs were organized among the nobility, and rivalry between them reached a high pitch. Costumes remained oriental for some time. One team played in loin cloths and wooden sandals, another donned straw raincoats and leggings in wet weather. To-day Japanese baseball uniforms are like those of other baseball-playing nations.

Japanese schools and universities soon adopted the game. The intercollegiate contests are Japan's World Series. The Meiji Shrine grounds—Tokyo's largest stadium—holds 80,000, and the crowd which gathers to watch Waseda play Keio rivals the throng at a Yale-Harvard football game. Professionalism has not yet reached Japan, so the sport which has replaced wrestling as the national game, remains a purely amateur one.

Derived from English "Rounders"

It is fitting that baseball should return to England because one of its immediate ancestors was the English game of "rounders." The American version of "rounders" was "town ball," or "Massachusetts ball"—a New England favorite. "Town ball" was played on a 60-foot square, the pitcher in the center, and the batter standing in the middle of one side. Teams varied from fourteen to twenty players, none of whom were assigned definite positions. The resulting confusion was bewildering to spectator and player alike.

For years school boys had played one-old-cat, and its more complicated forms—two-old-cat, three-old-cat, and four-old-cat. Abner Doubleday, a youth of Cooperstown, N. Y., is credited with combining these various games, drawing up a set of rules, and selecting the name of baseball. He devised the 90-foot diamond and specified the position of each player, although his team consisted of eleven men.

Doubleday had little time for the game which he invented. He entered West Point shortly afterward, and later fired the first shot from Fort Sumter in answer to the Confederate bombardment. At Gettysburg a statue commemorates his distinguished military service, but America remembers him as the man who invented her national game.

UMI

No farm has been found which resembles Plover Barrows, the ancestral home of the Ridds. At Yenworthy Farm, from which Tom Ridd, the last of the family, moved only three years ago, lived brave Widow Fisher. It was she who alone drove off a raiding party of Doones by firing into their midst her seven-foot gun, "its butt backed by a chest of oaken drawers."

Beware of the Bogs!

From their valley fortress the Doones made raids upon unwary travelers crossing wild and lonely Exmoor Forest. This gorse and heath-covered expanse of rolling hills and hollows, resembling a choppy sea, was the scene of highwaymen's plunders only 60 years ago. Gibbet hills are pointed out where these ancient gangsters were executed and their bodies exposed to public gaze.

Hikers and campers—and the moors are dotted with them in summer—do well to keep on the high ridges where the roads are built. It is easy to become lost in the dark hollows between, where green-turf bogs and quicksand mires lie in wait for the careless. It was in the clutching, merciless grip of one of these bogs that Carver Doone met his end when he fought John Ridd.

Note: For additional photographs and data about the "Lorna Doone Country" and adjacent parts of southwestern England see: "Visits to the Old Inns of England," *National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1931; "Down Devon Lanes," May, 1929; and "A Char-à-Bancs in Cornwall," December, 1924.

Back copies of the *National Geographic Magazine* may be consulted in the bound volumes of your school or public library, or they may be secured from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

Bulletin No. 3, October 8, 1934.

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

THERE IS NO MOTOR ROAD UP THE DOONE VALLEY

Visitors to the wild and rugged fastnesses of this lonely part of Devon must either walk, or ride ponies, from Malmsmead six miles to the site of the robber stronghold. Unlike the spirited mare of Tom Faggus in Blackmore's story "Lorna Doone" these little ponies lead a lazy life, and seem to be fat and happy. The sign indicates that everyone is welcome to the valley except "Fido."

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Callao, Gateway to Peru and Its Capital, Lima

OUT of the mudflats that once made Callao one of the least inviting of the world's cities, a modern port is rising along the Pacific coast of Peru. Two mile-long breakwaters have been built to enclose a roadstead, and covered piers will soon permit steamers to unload cargoes without the use of lighters.

Penguins on shores a few degrees below the Equator and tropical plants watered by melted snow, distinguish Callao (pronounced "Calyá-oh"), a city of contrasts. Separated from lush Amazon forests only by the Andes, the coast stretching north and south of Callao for the most part fringes a desert. The only sounds along this arid littoral are the barks of sea lions, and the shrill whistles of wintering Antarctic birds.

In the gray waters off the coast loom rugged desert islands, whitened with sun-baked guano—one of Peru's most valuable exports, and one of the world's most valuable fertilizers. Guano is obtained from the nests of guanayes (cormorants), pelicans, penguins and other sea fowl which blanket the islands, and, flying, at times almost blot out the sun. Their abundance is due to the icy Humboldt Current, which, sweeping from the Antarctic up the western coast of South America, not only tempers the climate, but brings with it a veritable "soup" of fish and marine organisms.

Counter Currents Bring "Callao Painter"

Several times a year, notably in March and April, counter currents from the north cross and warm this current, giving rise to a strange phenomenon known as the "Callao Painter." Killed by the change in temperature, and caught by eddies in the shallow Callao harbor, numerous marine organisms rot in the sun. They discolor the water, making it venomous as the waters of the Dead Sea, killing entire shoals of fish, and coating boats with a slime odorous as poison gas.

Built almost 400 years ago at the mouth of the Rimac River, Callao has survived attacks by Drake, pirates, tidal waves and earthquakes. An earthquake in 1746 spared but two of Callao's 6,000 inhabitants. "Our Lord of the Sea," the patron image of Lima, is once a year, with great ceremony, dipped in the sea to ward off tidal wave disasters.

The most romantic spot in Callao is the Castle of San Felipe, over whose weather-stained walls buglers sounded retreat for the last Spanish garrison in continental America.

Callao is the port for Lima, Peru's capital and largest, most prosperous city. Over fine paved roads, automobiles speed the eight miles from Callao to Lima, nestled in a wide green valley near the foothills of the snow-capped Andes.

How Lima Was Named

Francisco Pizarro, who was destined to found Callao two years later, founded Lima in 1535 on Epiphany day, and in a pious interval between conquering Indians, named it the City of the Kings, after the Wise Men. It was later called Lima, a mispronunciation of the name of the river Rimac, whose icy waters rush between the city's tinted walls and under its centuries-old stone bridges.

Although its pavements often glisten with fog from the sea, Lima has but

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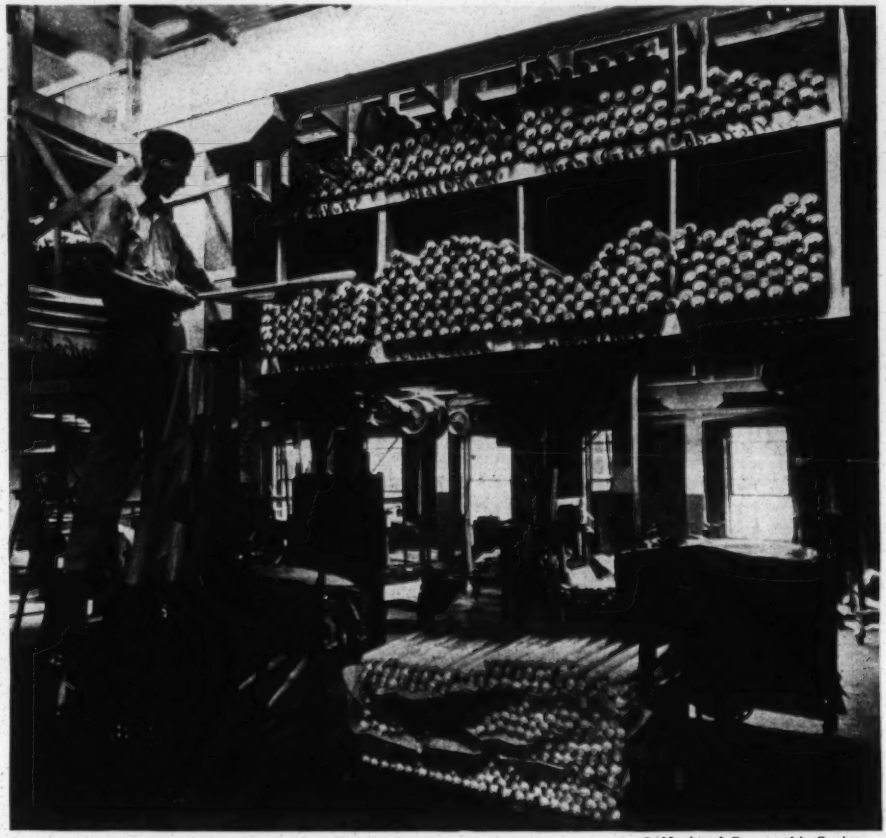
Once an Aristocratic Sport

The first baseball teams were organized in 1845 by the Knickerbocker Club of New York. They played on the Elysian Fields in Hoboken, then a popular summer resort for New York's elite. Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Baltimore soon formed teams, but the game remained as amateur and as aristocratic a sport as polo is to-day. New York clubs adopted a standard uniform of blue trousers, white shirts, and straw hats; and set themselves up as arbiters of all rules and regulations. In fact, it was commonly known as the "New York game" until late in the last century.

Baseball grew into a national game during the Civil War, when Northern soldiers taught it to the men from the West and South. In the same manner our armies spread its popularity among other nations during the World War.

Note: Students interested in baseball, and those preparing units on games or "How the World Plays," should also consult: "A Patriotic Pilgrimage to Eastern National Parks," *National Geographic Magazine*, June, 1934; "New York—An Empire within a Republic," November, 1933; "Cuba—The Isle of Romance," September, 1933; "Japan, Child of the World's Old Age," March, 1933; "Tokyo To-day," February, 1932; "Around the World in the *Islander*," February, 1928; "New China and the Printed Page," June, 1927; "The Sources of Washington's Charm" and "The Transformation of Washington," June, 1923; "The Making of a Japanese Newspaper," October, 1920; and "The Geography of Games," August, 1919.

Bulletin No. 4, October 8, 1934.



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SPECIAL BATS ARE MADE TO ORDER FOR BASEBALL STARS

One of the best-known products of Louisville, Kentucky, is the hand-made bat, popularly known as the "Louisville Slugger," carefully turned out to meet the needs of certain famous players. (Note the names under the racks.) Louisville also produces many carloads of machine-made bats for sand-lot amateurs each year.

infrequent actual rainfall. Its picturesque reed and adobe houses, sandwiched between Moorish edifices and modern brick or concrete buildings, have central patios, and carved balconies overhanging the street, but no chimneys. Above their flat roofs, Lima's seventy churches thrust their spires. Lima is extremely religious. Even the house swallows are called Santa Rositas, after Santa Rosa, the patron saint of Lima.

A Lima market glows with barbaric color. Here one sees many short stocky Indians in striped ponchos, many dark-eyed Peruvians descended from Spanish grandees, occasional Japanese and Chinese, and a sprinkling of Americans and Europeans. Indians with white hats worn atop red skullcaps offer their wares: native drinks, crude pottery, dyed llama wool. Strapped to donkeys are shining milk cans or panniers heaped with vivid tropical fruits.

From Lima a railroad runs, by a remarkable series of switchbacks, over forty-one bridges and through sixty-one tunnels, past steep terraces of "staircase farms" to the "roof of South America," the snowy summit of the Andes. In these wind-beaten mountain fastnesses, so high that travelers experience mountain sickness, proud Incas reared their huge temples to the Sun God.

Note: Students preparing South American projects will find many helpful references to Peru in the following: "Forgotten Valley of Peru," *National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1934; "Air Adventures in Peru," January, 1933; "The Lure of Lima, City of the Kings," June, 1930; "Flying the World's Longest Air-Mail Route," March, 1930; "Buenos Aires to Washington by Horse," February, 1929; "How Latin America Looks from the Air," October, 1927; "The Most Valuable Bird in the World (Guanay)," September, 1924; and "Across the Equator with the American Navy," June, 1921.

Bulletin No. 5, October 8, 1934.

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UNLOADING HIDES FROM A BARGE IN CALLAO HARBOR

This costly and old-fashioned way of transferring cargoes from shore to ship is being replaced by the modern docks of Peru's principal gateway. Although such scenes recall the methods of loading hides off the California coast, vividly described in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," it is subject to delays due to rough or rainy weather. Sometimes whole craneloads are lost when waves rock the boats.

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